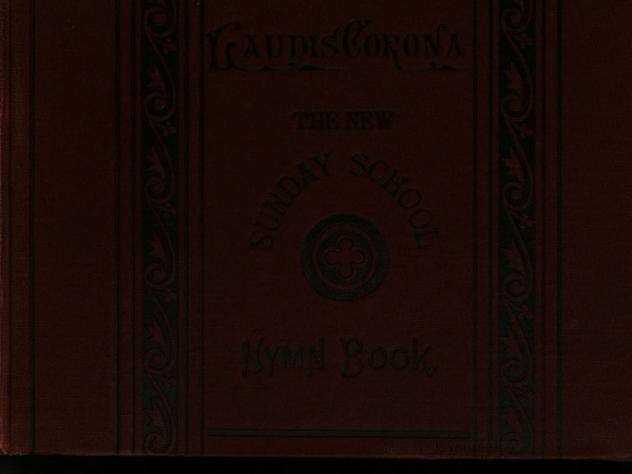
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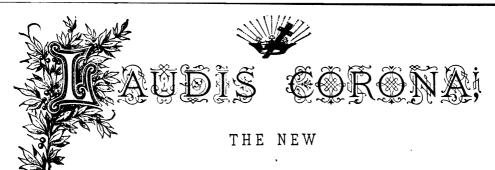
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SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK,

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF CATHOLIC HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR THE PRINCIPAL

SEASONS AND FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR.

NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
31 BARCLAY STREET.

MONTREAL: 275 NOTRE DAME STREET.

PREFACE.

THE tunes in this collection were selected by a lady in Baltimore. They have been arranged for the press by Prof. Francis A. Harkins, M.A., of Boston College. The object has been to give to Sunday Schools and Sodalities of youth something that ALL can sing. For this end the Christmas Carols and the May Hymns will prove particularly useful.

Thanks are returned to the Sisters of Notre Dame for their kindness in granting the use of May Chimes; to Mr. Fred Eversmann, Jr., of Baltimore; to Mr. Harry Sanders, of the same city; and to Mr. Rosewig, Music Publisher, of Philadelphia.

Boston: Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 4, 1880.

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THE NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMN-BOOK.

ADVENT. PUREST OF THE PURE. (1.) Andante crea-tures, sweet Moth - er. sweet Maid. one spot - less womb where-in come down on this rough-spo - ken world. night hath And the ban - ners of dark-ness are Je - sus was laid: Dark night hath come down on us. Moth - er, and we Look out for . thy shining. Sweet bold-ly un - furl'd: And the tempest-toss'dChurch all her eyes are on thee; They look for thy shining, Sweet pp ritard. of the Sea. Sweet Star Sea. Look out for thy shin-ing. Sweet Star of the Sea. They look for thy shin-ing, Sweet Star of the Sea. Sweet Star Sea. of the Sea.

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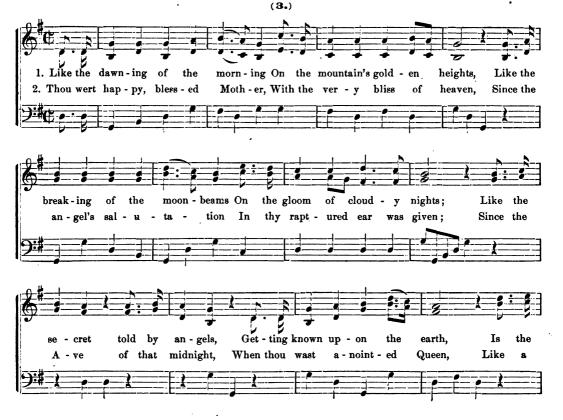
- 8 Oh! blissful and calm was the wonderful rest That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast; For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee; And He shone in thy shining, Sweet Star of the Sea.
- 3 Oh! shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine! For the primest of honors, dear Mother! is thine; "Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be, Clear light from thy birth-spring, Sweet Star of the Sea.

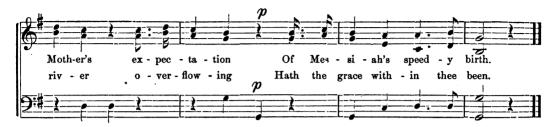




- 2 It is this thought to-day that lifts
 My happy heart to heaven,
 That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
 To thee, dear Queen, were given.
 I think of thee, etc.
- 3 Oh! blessed be th' Eternal Son
 Who joys to call thee Mother,
 And lets poor men, by sin undone,
 For thy sake, call Him Brother.
 I think of thee, etc.
- 4 Immaculate Conception! far Above all graces blest! Thou shinest like a royal star On God's eternal breast! I think of thee, etc.

OUR LADY'S EXPECTATION.





- 3 And what wonders have been in thee
 All the day and all the night,
 While the angels fell before thee,
 To adore the Light of Light;
 While the glory of the Father
 Hath been in thee as a home,
 And the scepter of creation
 Hath been wielded in thy womb.
- And thy waiting now is o'er!

 Thou hast seen him Blessed Mother!

 And wilt see him evermore!

 Oh! His Human Face and Features,

 They were passing sweet to see;

 Thou beholdest them this moment;

 Mother, show them now to me!

TOTA PULCHRA.













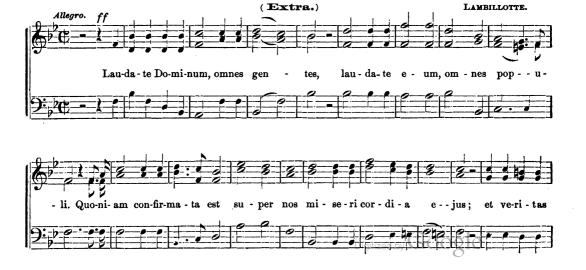


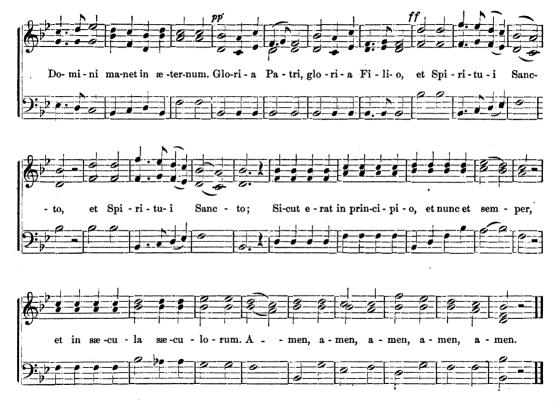




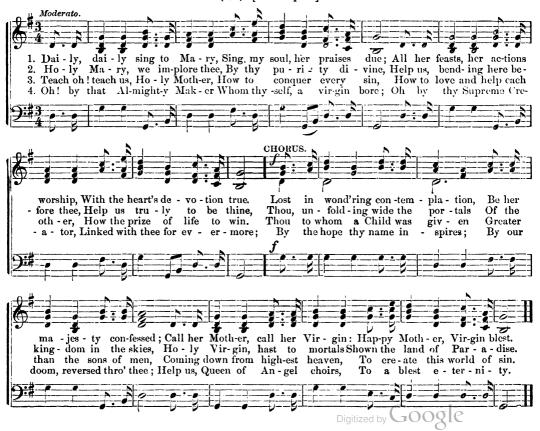


LAUDATE DOMINUM.





(6.)-[See also p. 14.]

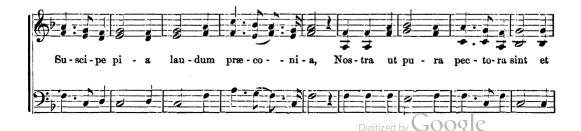












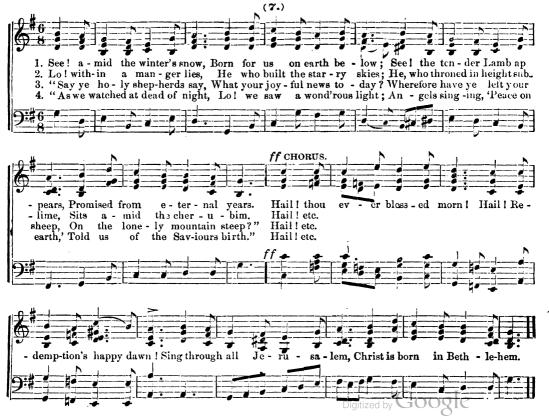


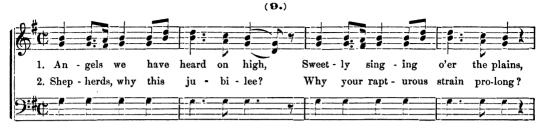






SEE! AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.







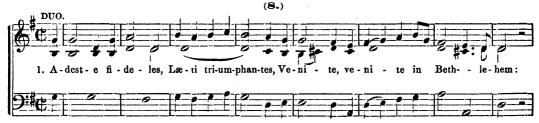




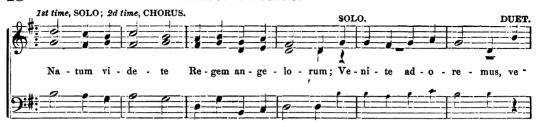
3 Come to Bethlehem, come and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee,
Th' Infant Christ, the new-born King;
Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

4 See, within a manger laid,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth!
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
With us sing our Saviour's birth.
Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

ADESTES FIDELES.



Adeste Fideles. Concluded.





- 2 Deum de Deo,
 Lumen de lumine,
 Gestant puellæ viscera;
 Deum verum
 Genitum non factum;
 Venite, etc.
- 3 Cantet nunc Io!
 Chorus Angelorum;
 Cantet nunc aula cœlestium
 Gloria, gloria
 In excelsis Deo;
 Venite, etc.
- 4 Ergo, qui natus
 Die hodierna
 Jesu! tibi sit gloria,
 Patris æterni,
 Verbum caro factum;
 Venite, etc.

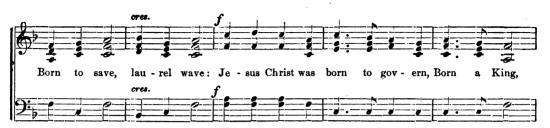




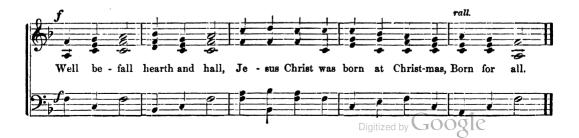






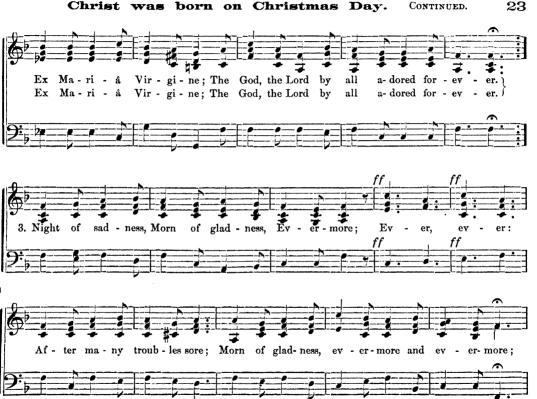




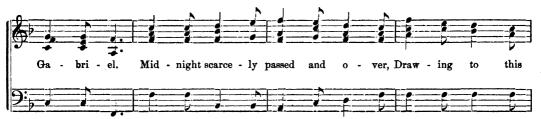






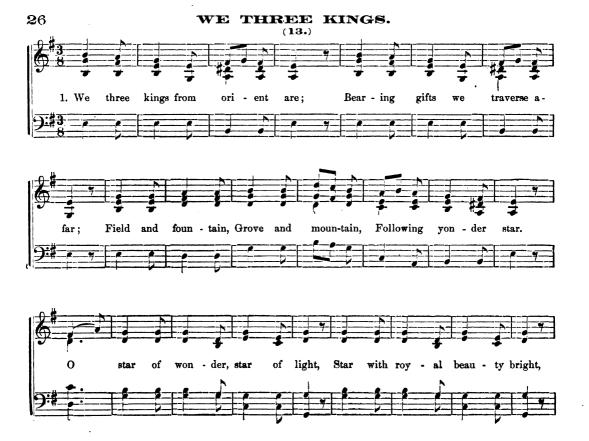


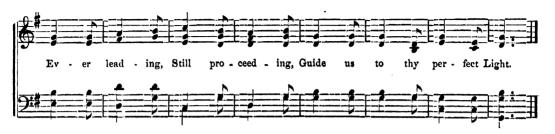














2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again; King forever, Ceasing never, Over us all to reign, O star of wonder, etc.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense breathes a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising,
All men raising,
Worship Him, God on high.
O star of wonder, etc.

4 Myrrh I bring, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O star of wonder, etc.

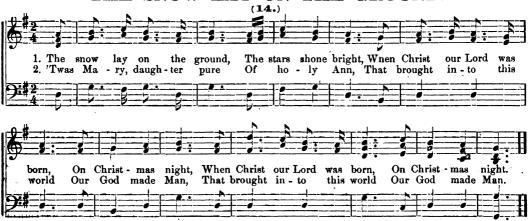


The First Nowell. CONCLUDED.

- 2 They looked up and saw a Star, Shining in the East, beyond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night. Nowell, etc.
- 3 Then entered in those wise men three Full reverently upon their knee,

- And offered there, in His Presence, Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense. Nowell, etc.
- 4 Then let us, with one accord,
 Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
 That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
 And with His Blood mankind hath bought.
 Nowell, etc.

THE SNOW LAY ON THE GROUND.



- 3 She laid him in a stall,
 At Bethlehem;
 The ass and oxen shared
 The roof with them.
- 4 St. Joseph, too, was by,
 To tend the Child,
 To guard Him, and protect
 His Mother mild.
- 5 The Angels hovered round, And sang this song: Venite adoremus Dominum.



CHILDREN'S CAROL.

(16.)

Poetry and music by Rev. S. C. HAMERTO.



- 2 Up! 'tis meet to welcome, With a joyous lay, Christ, the King of Glory, Born for us to-day.
- 3 Come, nor fear to seek Him, Children though we be; Once He said of children, "Let them come to me."

- 4 In a manger lowly, Sleeps the Heavenly Child; O'er Him fondly bendeth Mary, Mother mild.
- 5 Haste we then to welcome, With a joyous lay, Christ, the King of Glory, Born for us to-day.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN OF MARY FREE







Ma - ry free, In Beth - le - hem, that fair ci - tie, An - gels sang there with mirth and glee:
an - gels bright, To them ap - pear - ing with great light, Who said, "God's Son is born to-night:

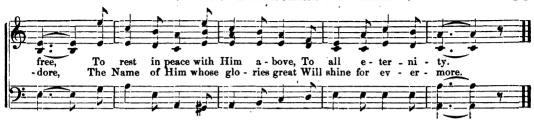




3 The King is come to save mankind, As in Scripture-truths we find, Therefore this song we have in mind: In excelsis gloria, etc. 4 Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace, Grant us in bliss to see Thy face, That we may sing, to Thy solace, In excelsis gloria, etc.

CHRISTMAS! CHRISTMAS!



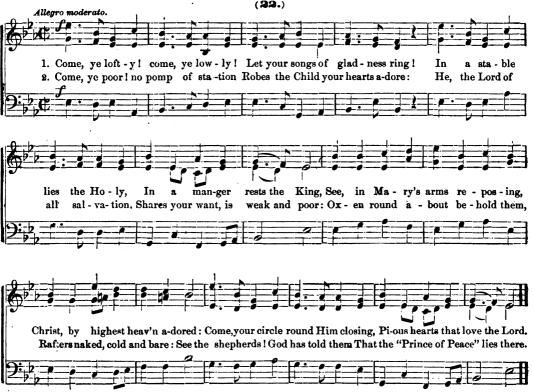


LET US SING THE PRAISE OF HIM.





2 In a manger lowly laid,
 And where the shepherds found him,
 Ev'ry homage be Him paid,
 By those who kneel before Him;
 Raise ev'ry voice,
 Let earth rejoice. Alleluia! Amen.
3 Born to-day sing loud the lay,
 From hearts that cannot vary,
 Christ is born for us this day,
 Born of the spotless Mary;
 Redeemer King,
 Thy praise we sing. Alleluia! Amen.



High above a star is shining,
And the Wise Men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,
For you all has ris'n the star.
Let us bring our glad oblations,
Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise;
Come, ye people! Come, ye nations!
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

4 Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, sin ging,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas mora?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past,
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

GLORY TO GOD.

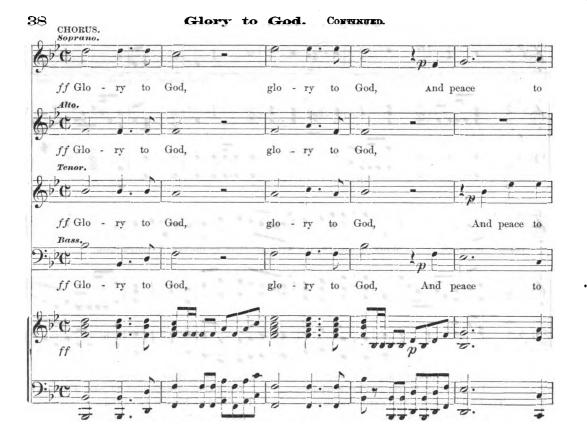


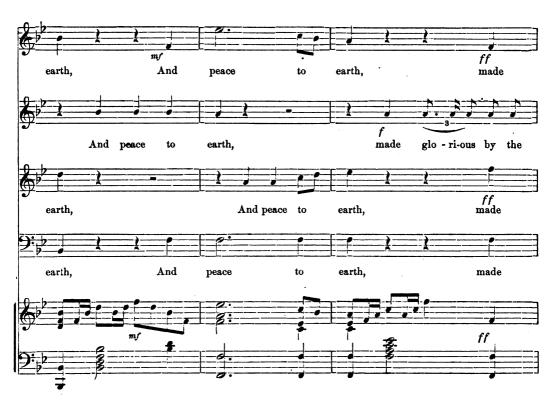




- 2 Then sweetly spoke th' angelic voice; "Fear not; let heaven and earth rejoice; The Child in Bethlehem's crib that lies Is God, descended from the skies."
- 3 The choirs of Heaven still bless the morn,
 When God, through love for man, was born:
 That God we humbly bow before,
 And praise with angels, and adore.











SILENT NIGHT.

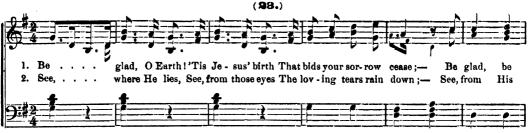


2 Silent night, sacred night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the Alleluias ring,
Which the angel-chorus sing;
Christ the Saviour has come,
Christ the Saviour has come.

3 Silent night, sacred night,
Son of God! oh, what light
Radiates from thy manger-bed
Over realms with darkness spread,
Thou in Bethlehem born,
Thou in Bethlehem born.





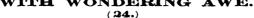




3 Embrace your God:—
The Infant Bud,
That blossoms for our earth,
For brighter skies
Beam from his eyes,
And love lifts up to Paradise
To greet our Jesus' birth.

4 From Thy dear Heart
Ne'er let us part;
E'er bless thy living shrine.
Thy love shall charm
Away from harm,
And precious grace shall ever arm
The hearts once bound to Thine.

WONDERING AWE.



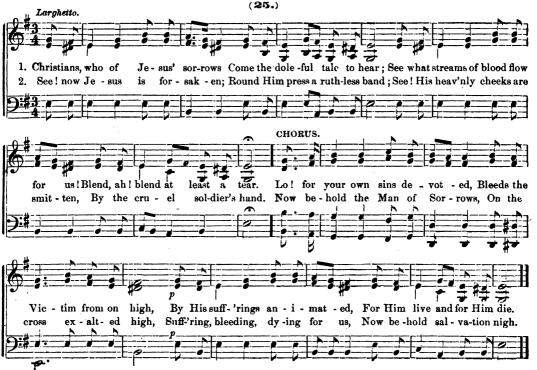




- 3 And still is found. The world around. The old and hallowed story. And still is sung, In every tongue,
 - The angel's song of glory: Hosanna! etc.
- 4 The heavenly star Its ray afar On every land is throwing, And shall not cease Till holy peace In all the earth is glowing. Hosanna! etc.

LENT.

CHRISTIANS WHO OF JESUS' SORROWS.



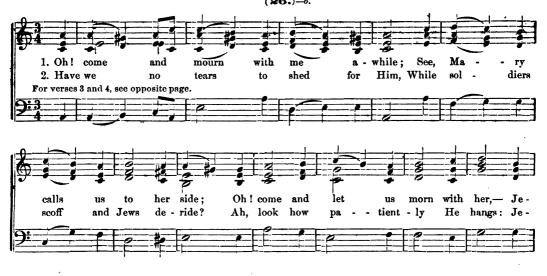
OH! COME AND MOURN WITH ME.







- 3 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love, And all three hours His silence cried For mercy on the souls of men: Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 4 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross, And let the Blood from out that Side Fall gently on thee drop by drop; Jesus, our Love, is crucified!



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Love

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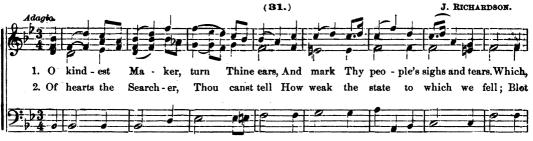
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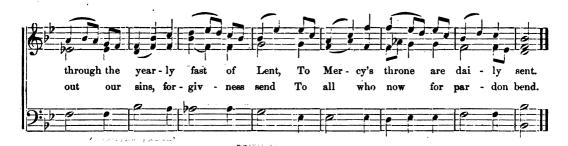
cru

(EXTRA STANZAS.)

- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears, Ask, and they will not be denied; A broken heart love's cradle is: Jesus, our Love, is crucified!
- 6 O Love of God! O Sin of man! In this dread act your sin is tried; And victory remains with love, For He, our Love, is crucified!

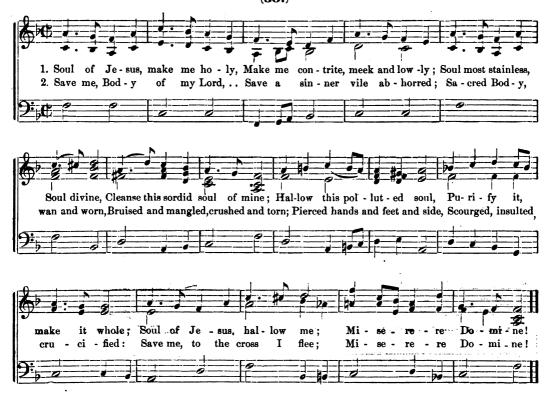
O KINDEST MAKER.

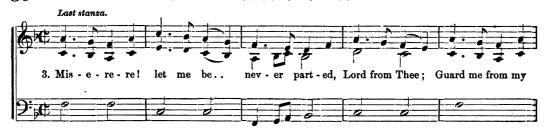


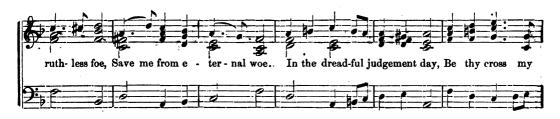


- 8 Our souls to crimes unnumber'd own,
 Be grace to free confession thown;
 Let sickly souls Thy healing claim,
 That all may praise Thy glorious name.
 - 4 Grant that by stinted use of food, Our bodies may be so subdued,

- That grace may guide our stubborn will, And stifle all that leads to ill.
- 5 May this our solemn yearly fast
 The future aid, repair the past;
 O holy Godhead, Three in One,
 The Father, Holy Ghost, and Son. Amen.





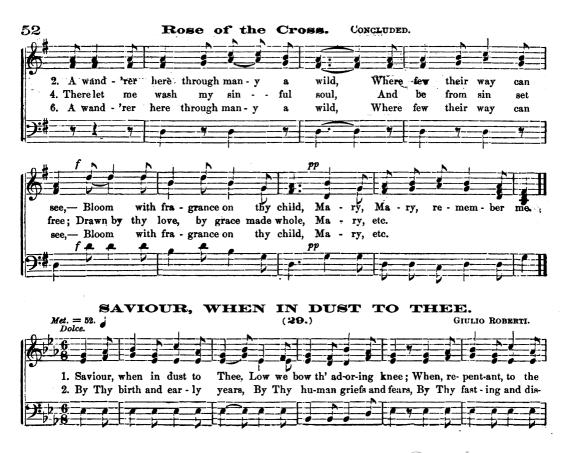


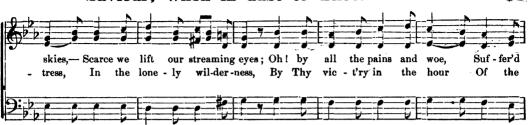


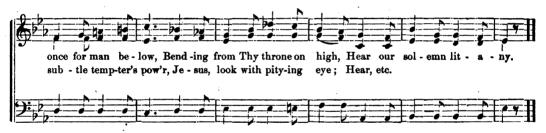


ROSE OF THE CROSS.









3 By Thine hour of dark despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By Thy purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn Litany.

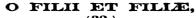
4 By Thy deep, expiring groan,
By Thy sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

STABAT MATER.



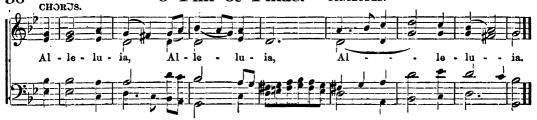
- 2 O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti! Que mœrebat, et dolebat, Pia Mater dum videbat Nati pœnas inclyti.
- 3 Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
 Matrem Christi si videret
 In tanto supplicio?
 Quis non posset contristari,
 Christi Matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio?
- 4 Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
 Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum,
 Vidit suum dulcem Natum
 Moriendo, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.

- 5 Pia Mater, fons amoris, Me sentire vim doloris, Fac ut tecum lugeam. Fac ut ardeat cor meum In amando Christum Deum, Ut sibi complaceam.
- 6 Sancta Mater, istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo valide.
 Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Pœnas mecum divide.
- 7 Fac me tecum pie flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero.
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,
 Et me tibi sociare,
 In plauctu desidero.









- 2 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! All in the early morning gray, Went holy women on their way, To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

 Alleluia!
- 3 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Of spices pure a precious store
 In their pure hands these women bore,
 To anoint the sacred Body o'er.
 Alleluia!

- 4 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Then straightway one in white they see, Who saith, "Ye seek the Lord; but He Is risen, and gone to Galilee."
 Alleluia!
- 5 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Now let us praise the Lord most high;
 And strive His name to magnify,
 On this great day, through earth and sky.
 Alleluia!







HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

(Extra.)
[Same air as page 58.]

1 Hark, the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King. Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled. Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies: With th' angelic host proclaim: Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ the everlasting Lord, Late in time behold, Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb, Veiled in flesh, the Godhead He: Hail th' incarnate Deity. Pleased as man with man appear, Jesus our Immanuel here.

EASTER SONG OF PRAISE.



2. They in the rest of paradise who dwell, Al - le - lu - - ia, (The bless -

ia, {
 The bless - ed ones with joy the
 The planets beaming on their heavenly
 way, The shining constellations

3 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice



awaking, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making,
Now from all men be outpoured [Alleluia!
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One. Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

(2) cho-rus swell, Alle - lu - ia, Alle - lu - ia. join and say, Alle - lu - ia, Alle - lu - ia.



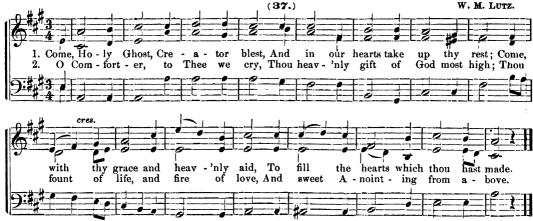


Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

- 5 O Lux beatissima, Reple cordis intima Tuorum fidelium.
- 6 Sine tuo nomine Nihil est in homine, Nihil est innoxium.
- 7 Lava quod est sordidum, Riga quod est aridum, Sana quod est saucium.

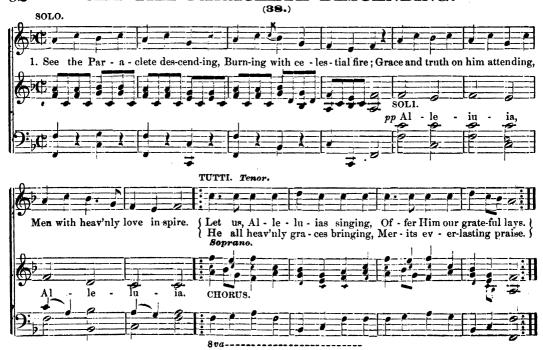
- CONCLUDED.
- 8 Flecte quod est rigidum. Fove quod est frigidum, Rege quod est devium.
- 9 Da tuis fidelibus, In te confidentibus, Sacrum septenarium.
- 10 Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitum,
 Da perenne gaudium. Amen.

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST.



8 Drive far away our deadly foe, And peace for evermore bestow: If Thou be our preventing Guide, No evil can our steps betide. 4 Praise we the Father, and the Son, And Holy Spirit, Three in one; And may the Son on us bestow The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

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- 3 Men in every danger fearing, Now the greatest dangers scorn; Amidst tortures persevering, Show themselves in Christ new-born.—Cho.
- 4 Fishermen, by Thee instructed, Jesus, to the world proclaim; Infants, by Thy grace conducted, Rather die than slight His name.—Сно.





LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. No. 1.





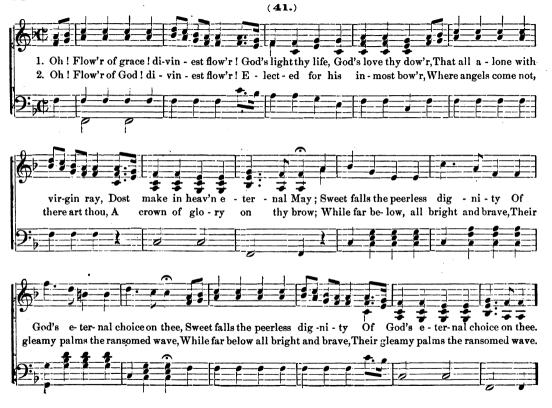


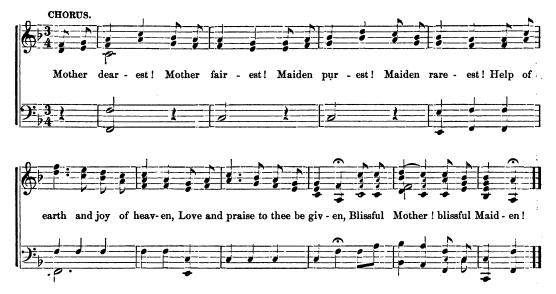












3 O Help of Christians! mercy-laden!
O blissless Mother! blissful Maiden!
O Sinless; were it not for thee,
There were in faith no liberty
To hold that God could stoop so low,
Or love his sinful creatures so.
Mother dearest! etc.

4 O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be;
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;
And so it is—that utterly,
Mother of God, we trust in thee!
Mother dearest! etc.





- 2 Hail, highest and holiest—bright Lily of Heaven! In the garden of God thou reignest supreme; Chosen vessel of honor, Immaculate ever,— Mother of Jesus! we hail thee our Queen. We come, dearest Mother, etc.
- 3 The rose and lily of earth's early spring-time, Mary, dear Mother, we wreathe for thee now; Draw nearer, bright angels, with songs of gladness As we place fairest flowers on our dear Mother's brow. We come, dearest Mother, etc.

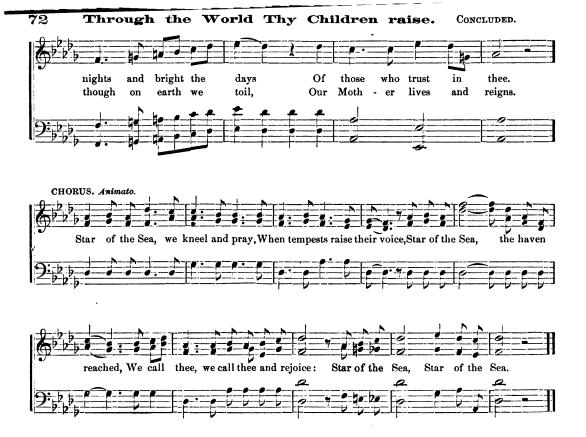
THROUGH THE WORLD THY CHILDREN RAISE.



3 Hope of sinners, how many souls Cast down by woe and sin, Have learned thro' this dear name of thine, A pardon and peace to win. 4 Mary, dearest name of all,

The holiest and the best,

The first low word that Jesus lisped,
Laid on His Mother's breast.







MARY, HEAR MY FERVENT PRAYER.









2 Oh list to strains now swelling
Even to thy throne;
O call us for this dwelling,—
Leave us not alone.
Mother ever holy,
Hear us as we pray;
Virgin pure and lowly
With us ever stay.

3 Ah! when we're sad and weary:
Tired of life and sin,
And when the way looks dreary
Haste thy child and win.
When death lays his finger
On our icy brow,
Oh, then near us linger,
Linger then as now.





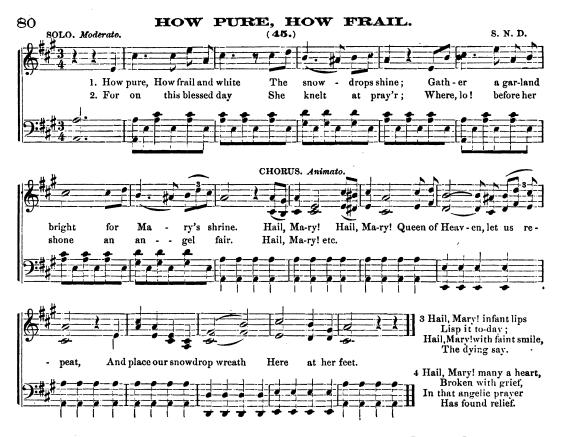
3 Before thy loving image, 'Tis truest joy to kneel, And gaze upon the beauties That faith and love reveal. 4 O Mater Admirabilis,

'Tis more than rapturous glow

That cheers our lone and darksome way

On this sad earth below.

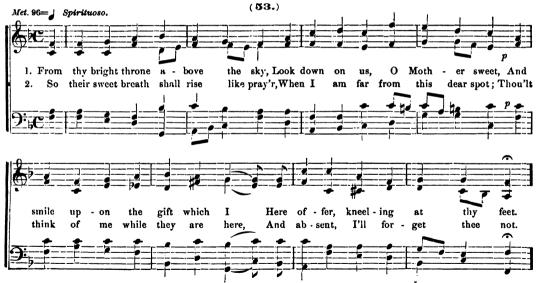








FROM THY BRIGHT THRONE.

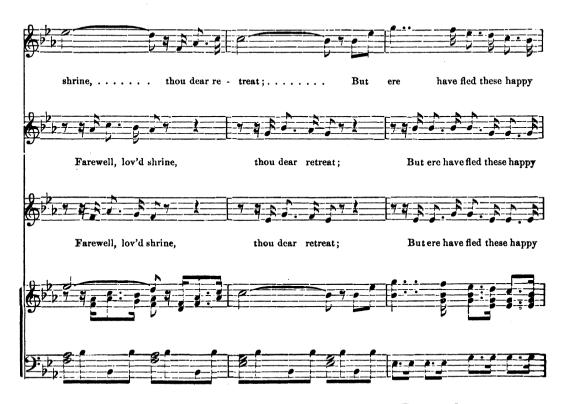




3 But if I had a golden mine,
And were to lay it at thy feet,—
My heart not being truly thine,—
Say, would it please thee, mother sweet?
I know it would not, and I know
That I can only be thine own
By loving Him who loved thee so
That He became thine own dear Son.

4 My heart henceforth shall be all thine,
And I will watch and I will pray,
That never thought or word of mine
May take my heart from thee away.
Oh, give a blessing now to me;
I'll try to be so good all day,
That I may bring fresh flowers to thee
To make thy holy altar gay.

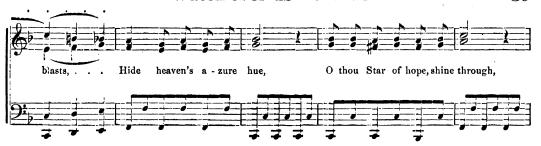






WATCH OVER US.



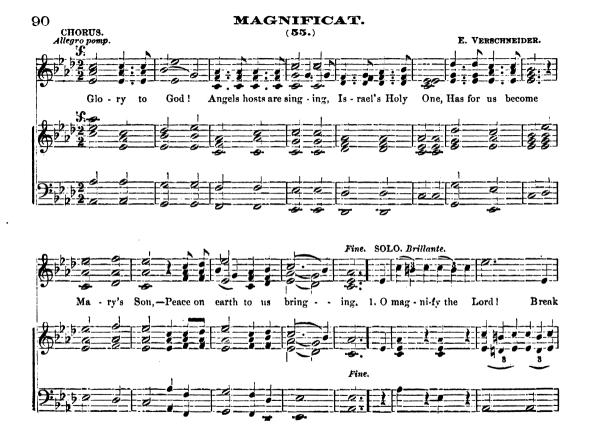




2 Be love of thee, my whole life long,
My sweetest joy, my only way.
||: Watch over us. :||
Shine then brightly, O soft Star
With thy light driving far
Mists that oft veil my soul,
Clouds that e'er around me roll.

3 Mother of God! our hope, our life,—
Sweet Mother, shield us in the strife.

||: Watch over us. :||
From all carthly toils set free,
We'll quickly fly to thee;
Let us rest in thy heart:
From its depths we'll ne'er depart.







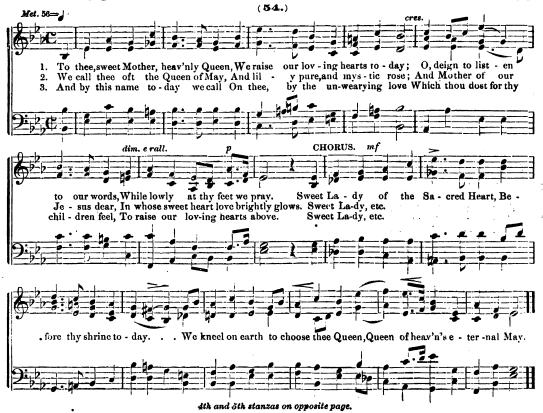
2 My lowliness He sought,
On me His eyes He cast,
And in me He has wrought
A wonder unsurpassed!
His mercies to the just
From age to age He shows,
But humbles in the dust
His proud and haughty foes.

3 The mighty ones He spurns,
The humble He receives,
Fills the soul that yearns;
The rich in want He leaves.
To us, for Israel's sake,
His mercies still extend;
For Abram, as he spake,
His love shall never end.

[To music on opposite page.]

- 4 Then beg of Jesus by the blood,
 That flowed so freely from His Heart
 That He will bathe us in its flood
 That, chartened, we may form a part,—Cho.
- 5 A beauteous, holy, loving part
 Of that much envied train and bright,
 That follows evermore the Lamb,
 Through Heaven's eternal realms of light.—CMO.





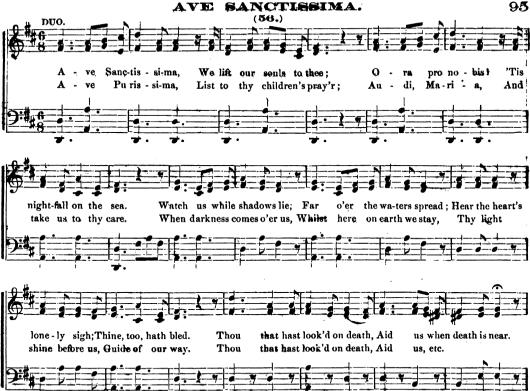
EVVIVA, MARIA.



O SANCTISSIMA.







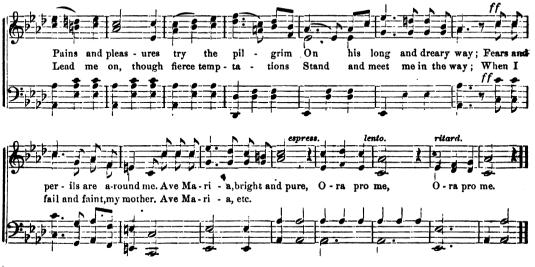


AVE MARIA, BRIGHT AND PURE.



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The



3 Then shall I, if thou, O Mary,
Art my strong support and stay,
Fear nor feel the three-fold danger;
Standing forth in dread array.
Now and ever shield and guard me,
Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Ora pro me, ora pro me,

4 When my eyes are slowly closing,
And I fade from earth away,
And when death, the stern destroyer,
Claims my body as his prey,
Claim my soul, and then, sweet Mary,
Ave Maria! bright and pure,—
Ora pro me, ora pro me.



HAIL, BRIGHT STAR OF OCEAN.

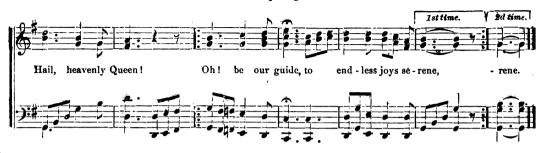






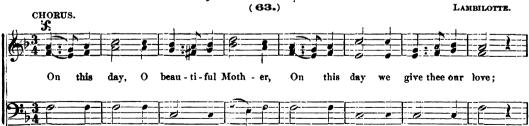


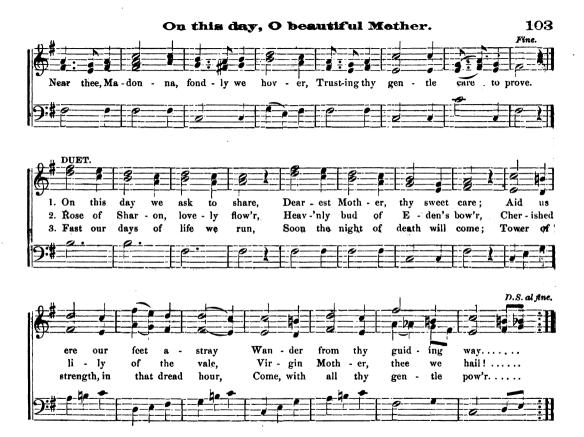
Hail, Heavenly Queen. Conci.



- 3 Thy children save, O gracious Mother, hear!
 From weeping eyes, oh, deign to wipe the tear!
 Our humble prayers to God thy Son present,
 Whose life and blood for sinful man were spent.
 Hail, foamy ocean's star, etc.
- 4 Our souls in purity and grace preserve,
 And ne'er from truth permit our way to swerve,
 That, when our days have rolled their rapid round,
 We may with Christ in heavenly bliss be erowned.
 Hail, foamy ocean's star, etc.

ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.





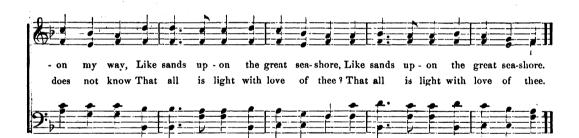
MOTHER OF MERCY.

(64.)



- 1. Mother of mer-cy, day by day My love of thee grows more and more; Thy gifts are strewn up
- 2. Though pover-ty, and work, and woe, The masters of my life may be; In dark est hours, who





3 Oh, gain me grace to love thee more: Thy Son will give, if thou wilt plead! And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er, Oh, I shall love thee then indeed, 4 My Lord, when His three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee, from the cross, to me;
And oh, how can I love thy Son,
Sweet mother, if I love not thee?





GLORIOUS MOTHER.





- 2 Earth is darksome, we are weary, Satun setteth snares for all, Pray for us, O tender Mary, Pray to Jesus, lest we fall.—Cho.
- 3 Many call upon thee, Mother.

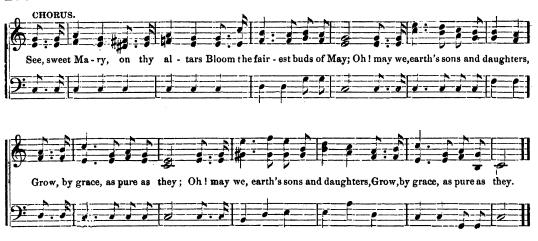
 Some in manhood, strong in youth,

 Some in age, in tender childhood—

 ALL in loving faith and truth.—Cho.

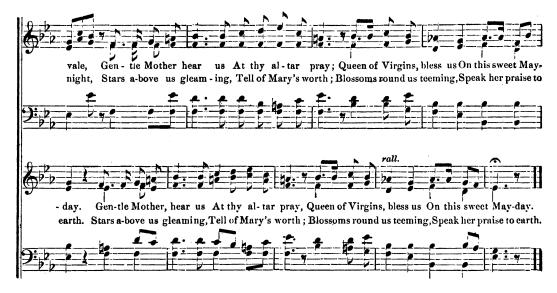
- 4 Raise thy voice for us to Jesus, In this blessed month of thine, Raise thy pure hands to bless us, As we linger 'round thy shrine.—Cho.
- 5 Bless, oh, bless us, now and ever,
 Thou who once the dark earth trod,
 And when dying, waft our spirits,
 To the bosom of our God.—Cho.





SNOW AND RAIN HAVE VANISHED.



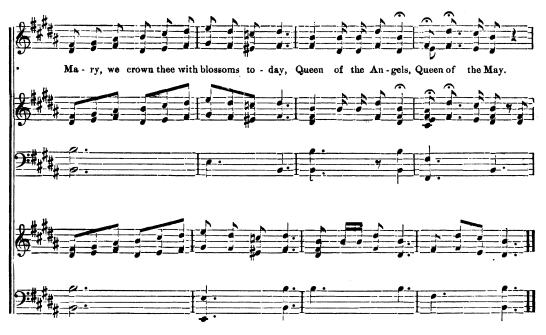


3 Here below deserving,
She was found alone,
God, from sin preserving,
Chose her for His own.
Grace, as to none other,
Grace to her was given;
She became the Mother
Of the King of Heaven.

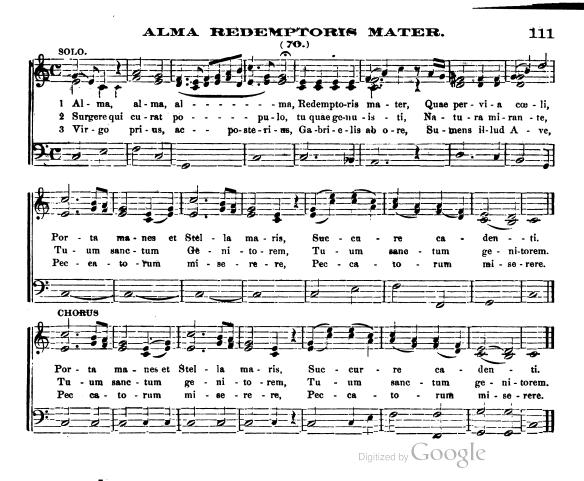
4 God bestowed upon her,
Glories all her own:
Earth's sublimest honor,
Heaven's queenly throne.
Taught by Him, we love her,
In our simple way,
Placing none above her
On this sweet May-day.





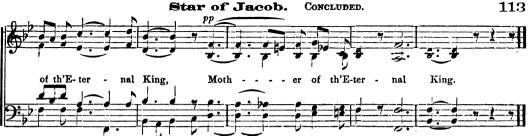


- Virgin most tender, our homage we render,
 Thy love and protection, sweet Mother, to win;
 In danger defend us, in sorrow befriend us,
 And shield our fond hearts from contagion of sin.
- 4 Of Mothers the dearest, oh, wilt thou be nearest,
 When life with temptation is darkly replete?
 Forsake us, oh, never! our hearts, be they ever
 As pure as the lilies we lay at thy feet.









- 3 Joyful in thy path they scatter Roses white and lilies fair : Yet with the chaste bosom's whiteness, Rose nor lily can compare.
- 4 Oh! that this low earth of ours. Answering to angelic strain, With thy praises might re-echo, Till the heavens replied again.

- 5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit, Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son! With the Father and the Spirit, While the eternal ages run.
- 6 Star of Jacob, ever beaming, Bright and clear, of peace the sign; 'Mid the stars of highest heaven Glows no purer ray than thine.

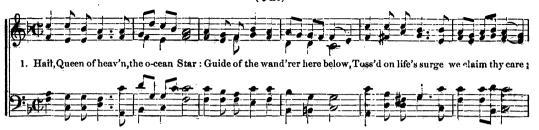
SALVE REGINA.









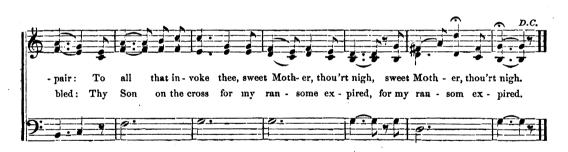




2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid, We sinners make our prayers through thee; Remind thy Son that He has paid The price of our iniquity. Virgin most pure, Star of the sea, Pray for the sinner, pray for me. 3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.







- 3 Though countless and grievous the sins I deplore,
 Despair at thy name from my bosom shall flee;
 In thy love will I hope for my pardon once more,
 O Virgin and Mother, I fly unto thee.
 Oh! be thou mindful, etc.
- 4 To my prayers and my sighs, blessed Mother, give ear,
 And be thou, as ever, the penitent's friend;
 'Neath the shield of thy favor no danger I'll fear,
 But with thee and thy Son hope to reign in the end,
 Oh! be thou mindful, etc.







2 Mother dear, oh pray for me, Should plearsure's syren lay E'er tempt thy child to wander far From Virtue's paths away: When thorns beset life's devious way, And darkling waters flow, Then, Mary, aid thy weeping child, Thyself a Mother show. Mother dear, etc. 8 Mother dear, oh pray for me,
When all looks bright and fair,
'That I may all my danger see,
For surely then 'tis near;
A Mother's pray'r how much we need,
If prosperous be the ray,
That paints with glow the flow'ry mead
Which blossoms in our way.
Mother dear, etc.



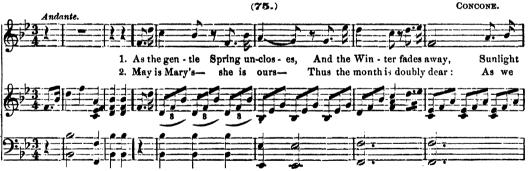


2 The shadows of a sinful earth
Are hov'ring o'er our way:
Oh! thou who gav'st a Saviour birth,
Be thou our guide and stay;
Oh! turn on us thy loving eyes,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.

3 The perfumed wreath for thee we've twined,
To thee our voices raise,
And round thy chaste and holy shrine
We hymn our notes of praise.
Oh! hear our prayers, behold our sighs,
Queen of the skies,
Mray, loved Mary, Queen of the skies.







3 Dearest Mother! we remember

How at one request of thine,

Jesus, at the marriage feast,

Changed the water into wine;—CHO.

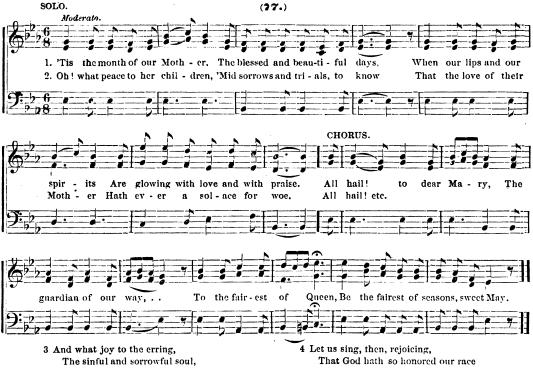
At our feast, ah! let the flood
Of our tears thy pity move;
Beg, oh! beg thy Son to change it
To the wine of perfect love.—Cho.



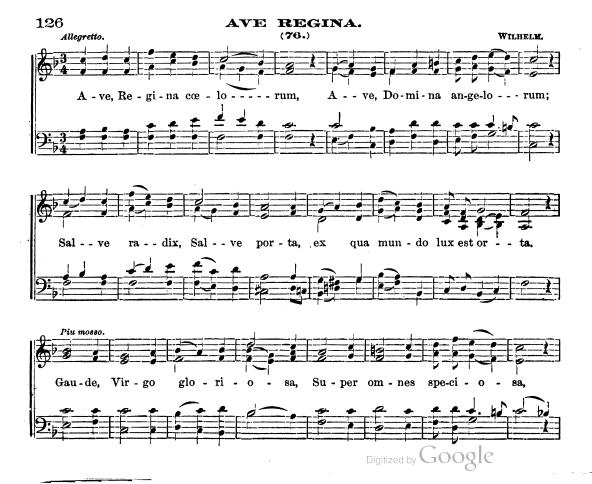
4 Take us all 'neath thy protection,
Heart, and soul, and senses, take!
Tell dear Jesus we are thine,
And He'll bless us for thy sake;—Cho.

And the treasures of our Mary,
Up in heaven we shall store;
Naught shall steal them, naught corrode them,
They shall last for evermore!—Cho.





That a trust in her guidance Will lead to a glorious goal.—Сно. As to clothe with our nature Sweet Mary, the Mother of Grace.-Cho.











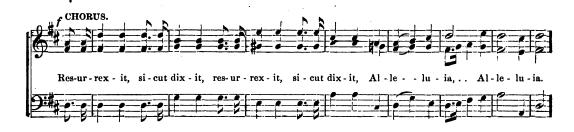
- 3 Release our long-entangled mind,
 From all the snares of ill;
 With heavenly light instruct the blind,
 And all our yows fulfil.
- 4 Exert for us a Mother's care,
 And us thy children own:
 Prevail with Him to hear our prayer,
 Who chose to be thy Son.

- 5 O spotless Maid! whose virtues shine With brightest purity, Each action of our lives refine, And make us pure like thee.
- 6 Bright Mother of our Maker, hail! Thou Virgin ever blessed, The ocean's star by which we sail, And gain the port of rest.

REGINA CŒLI.





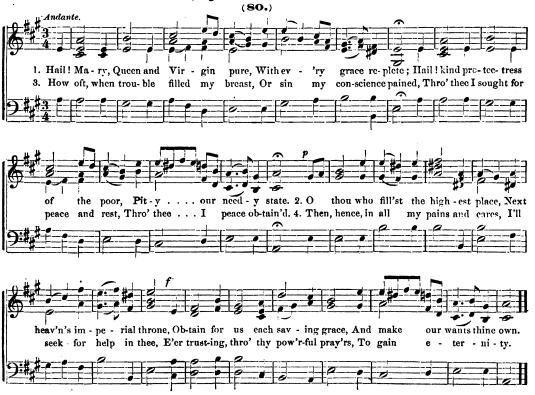












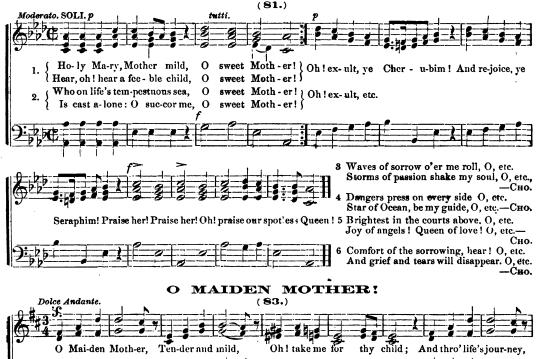


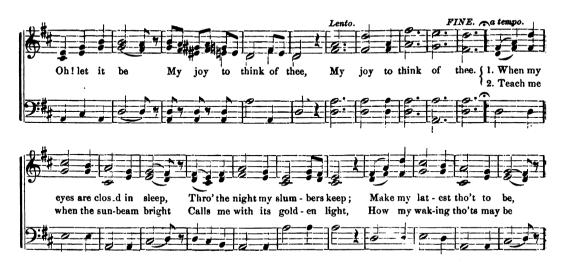
3 Tho' night be lonely why should we fear, While thy soft gleaming shineth so near, Leading us gently 'mid darkling gloom,' Beck'ning us onwards to our true home.

4 Soon may the morrow of bright, endless day Chase the drear visions of dark night away; Waft our lone spirits to Heaven's bright shore. Where we may love thee, and rest evermore.

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HOLY MARY, MOTHER MILD.







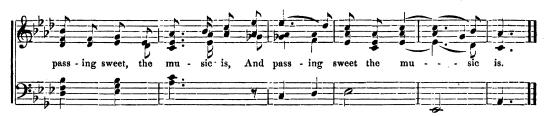
- 3 And oh, teach me through the day Oft to raise my heart and say, "Maiden Mother, meek and mild, Guard, oh, guard thy humble child!" O Maiden Mother, etc.
- 4 Thus, sweet Mother, day and night Thou shalt guide my steps aright; And my dying words shall be, "Virgin Mother, pray for me!" O Maiden Mother, etc.





LET EVERY HEART EXULTING BEAT.





- 2 Jesus the comfortless consoles, Jesus each sinful fever quells, Jesus the power of hell controls, Jesus each deadly foe repels. Let every heart, etc.
- 3 Oh! speak His glorious name abroad!

 Jesus let every tongue confess;

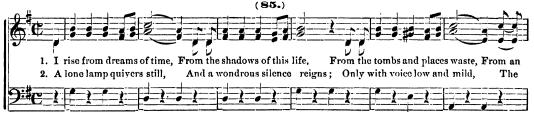
 Let every heart and voice accord

 The Healer of our souls to bless.

 Let every heart, etc.

- 4 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, abide
 With us, and hearken to our prayers:
 Thy frail and crring wanderers guide,
 In mercy our trangressions spare.
 Let every heart, etc.
- All might, all glory be to Thee,
 Refulgent with this Name Divine;
 All honor, worship, majesty,
 Jesus, for evermore be Thine
 Let every heart, etc.

I RISE FROM DREAMS OF TIME.







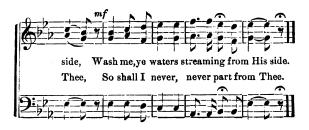
sa-cred al - tar - throne, Whereon my heart doth beat, To thy sacred al - tar-throne, Whereon my heart doth beat. heart of Ma - ry's Son Beats ev - er on for thee."



3 In the womb of Maiden meek,
In the Cradle, on the Tree,
Heart of undying love,
It lived, loved, broke for me:
While around me thunders peal,
Yct, as then, behold me now,
By Thy pierced and wounded Hands,
By Thy torn and bleeding Brow.

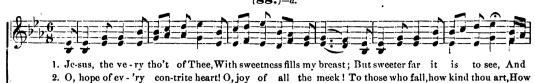
4 O voice of the inward ear!
O voice of complaining love!
O Thou art awful God,
To realms below and above!
Thou waitest and pleadest here,
And canst not from us part,
O veiled and wondrous Son!
O love of the Sacred Heart!





3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign,
In death's dread moments make me only Thine;
Call me, and bid me come to Thee on high,
Where I may praise Thee, reigning in the sky.



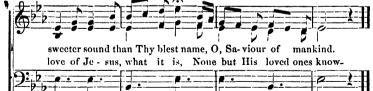






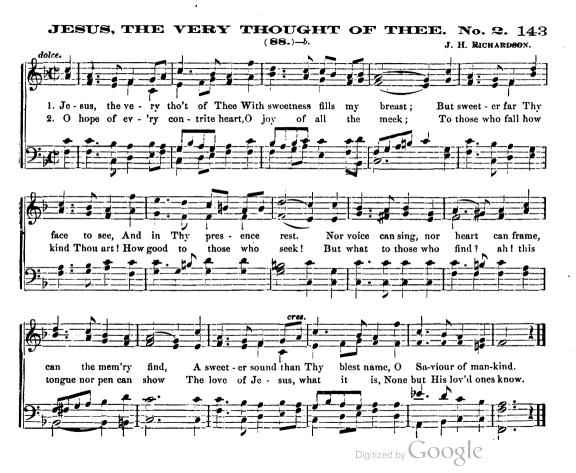
in Thy presence rest. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find, A good to those who seek. But what to those who find? Ah! this nor tongue nor pen can show; The

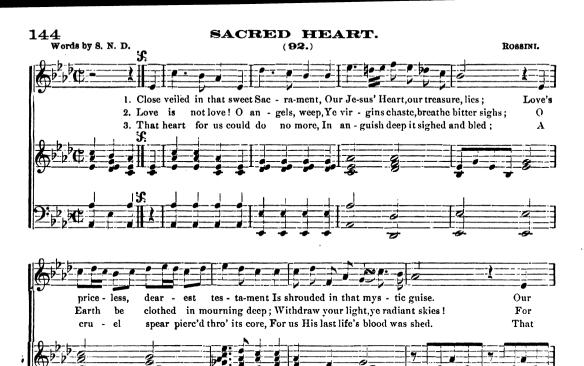


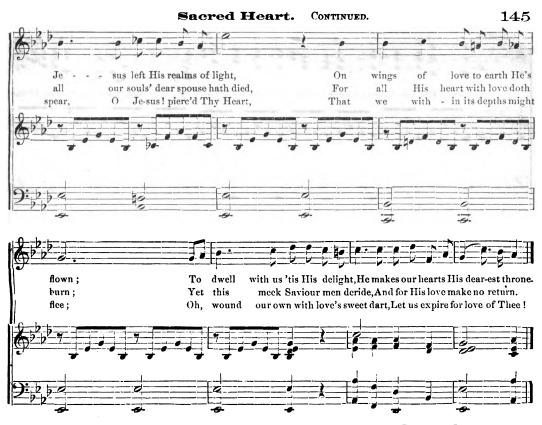


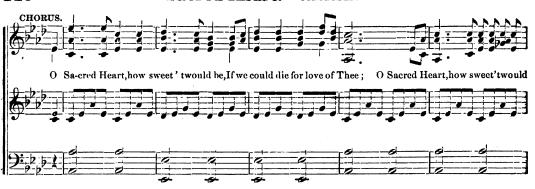
- 3 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.
- 4 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find, A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,

O, Saviour of mankind.

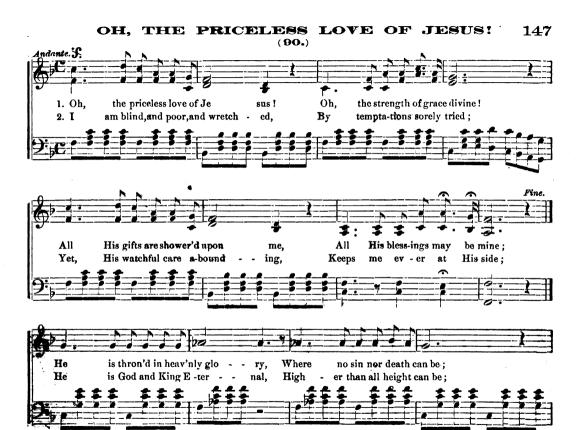


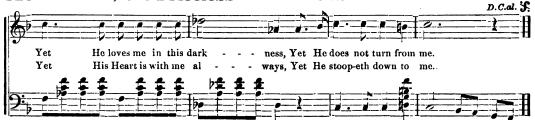








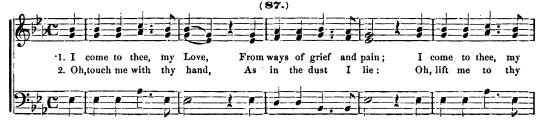


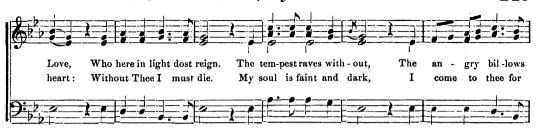


3 Storms of sorrow roll around me,
Darkling clouds above me meet;
But I hasten to my refuge
At my Saviour's wounded Feet.
O how lovingly, my Jesus,
Thou dost with me ever bear;
I can never, never, thank Thee
For Thy goodness and Thy care.

4 When the brooding darkness hides me
Bitter tears of pain I weep;
But, Thou loving One, Thou healest
All my sorrow dark and deep.
Oh, Thy priceless love, my Jesus!
Human love and love divine;
Thou art gentle, Thou art mighty;
All Thy Sacred Heart is mine.

I COME TO THEE, MY LOVE.

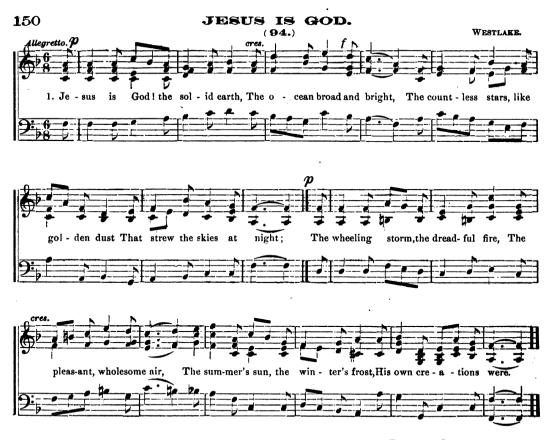






3 I long, when far away,
To be with Thee again,
Where treasures of thy grace
Fall like the silent rain.
O veiled and hidden Love,
O loving, gracious Lord;
From Thee the silver showers
Upon my heart are poured.

4 The storm of pain and grief
Bends me beneath its power;
I have no help but Thee
In sorrow's darkest hour.
O help me then, my Love,
For I am dark and lone;
And joy and light are Thine
Upon this Altar-throne.



- 2 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
 Of golden angels sing
 Songs of adoring praise to Him,
 Their Maker and their King.
 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
 On Calvary's Cross true God;
 He who in heaven eternal reigned,
 In time on earth abode.
- 3 Jesus is God! there never was
 A time when He was not:
 Boundless, eternal, merciful,
 The Word the Sire begot!
 Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
 Onward through endless bliss,—
 For there are two eternities,
 And both alike are His!
- 4 Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
 And pain, and every ill;
 All are worth while, for all are means
 His glory to fulfil!
 Worth while a thousand years of life
 To speak one little word,
 If by our Credo we might own
 The Godhead of our Lord!
- 5 Jesus is God! if on the earth
 This blessed faith decays,
 More tender must our love become,
 More plentiful our praise;
 We are not angels, but we may
 Down in earth's corners kneel,
 And multiply sweet acts of love,
 And murmur what we feel.







O SACRED HEART, WITH BURNING LOVE. 153





- 3 O Lamb of God! meek victim, slain
 For us, let not the stream that flowed
 From Thy pierced Heart have flowed in vain.
 Oh! cleanse us with Thy precious blood.
 CHO.—O! Sacred Heart! etc.
- 4 God's Mother! Virgin ever blest!

 Thy heart and His are always one;
 Plead thou our cause; thy sweet request
 Is never slighted by thy Son.

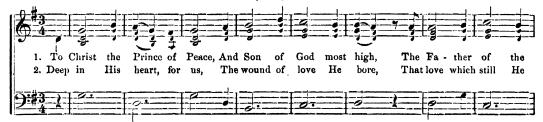
 Сно.—О Sacred Heart! etc.



O Sacred Heart, with burning Love.



TO CHRIST, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.





- 3 O Jesus, Victim blest!
 What else but love divine
 Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That Sacred Heart of Thine?
 - 4 O Fount of endless life, O Spring of water clear!
 - O Flame celestial, cleansing all Who unto Thee draw near!

5th stanza opposite.



5 Hide me in Thy dear Heart, For thither do I fly; There seek Thy grace through life, in death Thine immortality.

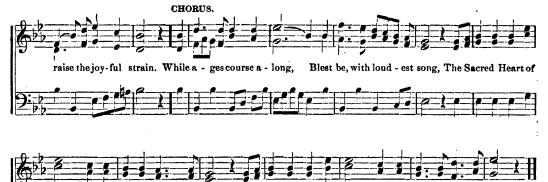
(Repeat 5th stanza when sung to tune b.)

O DEUS: EGO AMO TE. (96.)



TO JESUS' HEART.





sus, By ev-'rv heart and tongue, The Sa-cred Heart of Je - sus, by ev-'ry heart and tongue.

- 2 O Heart for me on fire
 With love no man can speak,
 And ever pur
 - 3 Too true! I have forsak'n Thy flock, by wilful sin, Yet now let me be tak'n Back to Thy fold again.

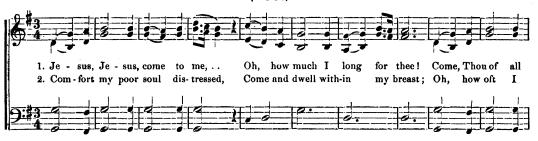
God gives me for Thy sake.

My yet untold desire

- 4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
 And ever pure of heart,
 So may my heart be wholly
 Of Thine the counterpart.
- 5 When life away is flying And earth's false glare is done, Still, sacred Heart! in dying I'll say I'm all Thine own.

COMMUNION.

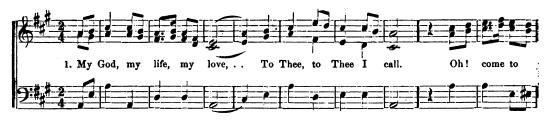
JESUS, JESUS, COME TO ME.





3 Empty is all worldy joy, Ever mixed with some alloy; Give me my true Sovereign Good, Jesus, Thy own Flesh and Blood. 4 On the Cross three hours for me Thou didst hang in agony; I my heart to Thee resign: O, what rapture to be Thine.

MY GOD, MY LIFE, MY LOVE.





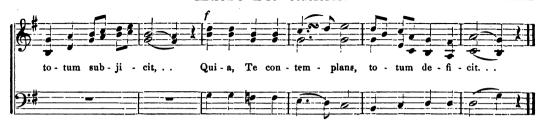
- 2 My faith beholds Thee, Lord! Concealed in human food; My senses fail, but in Thy word I trust, and find my God.
- 3 Oh, when wilt Thou be mine, Sweet lover of my soul? My Jesus dear, my King divine, Come o'er my heart to rule.

- 4 Oh! come and fix Thy throne, Within my very heart, Oh! make it burn for Thee alone, And from me ne'er depart.
- 5 Begone, ye, from my mind, Vain, childish, earthly toys! In Jesus only do I find True pleasures, solid joys.

ADORO TE. (104.)-a.



2 O memoriale mortis Domini, Panis vivus vitam præstans homini, Præsta meæ menti de te vivere, Et te illi semper dulce sapere. 3 Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio, Ut te revelata cernens facie, Visu sim beatus tuse glorise.



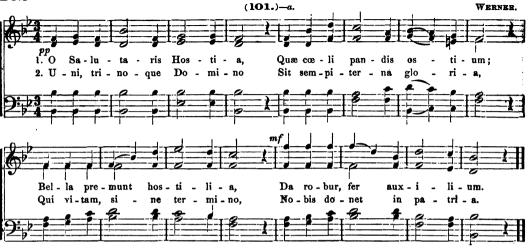
ADORO TE.

(104.)-b.



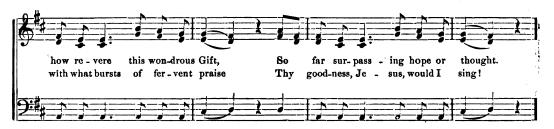






JESUS, MY LORD, MY GOD.









- 3 Oh, see! within a creature's hand The vast Creator deigns to be, Reposing, infant-like, as though On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee.—Сно.
- 4 Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all!
 O mystery of love divine!
 I cannot compass all I have,
 For all Thou hast and art are mine!—Сно.

C. WONDELL







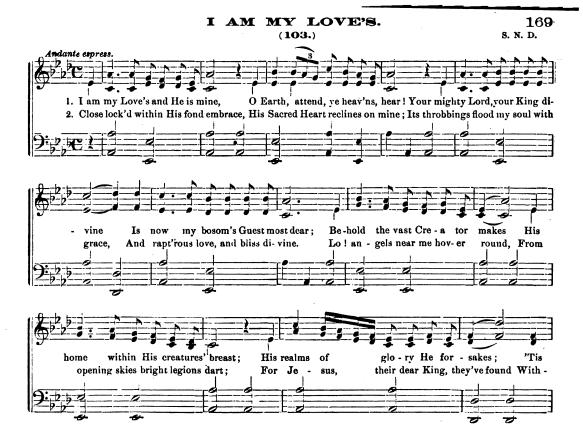




TANTUM ERGO. (102.)-a.









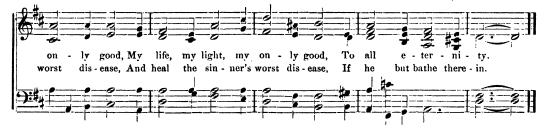
HAIL! JESUS, HAIL!



- 2. To end less a ges let us praise The Precious Blood whose price could raise The world from wrath and



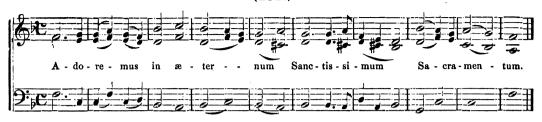




3 O, sweetest Blood that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,—
The heaven which sin had lost,
The heaven which sin had lost:
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes,
What Jesus shed still intercedes,
For those who wrong Him most.

4 Ah! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints,
When this sweet song we raise,
When this sweet song we raise:
Oh, louder, then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise!

ADOREMUS IN ÆTERNUM. (108.)











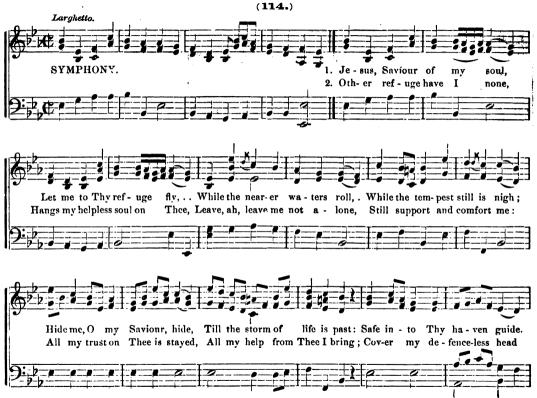




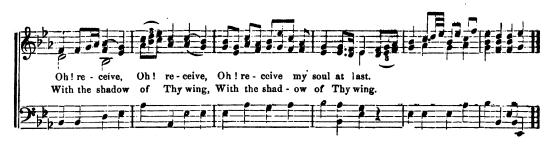




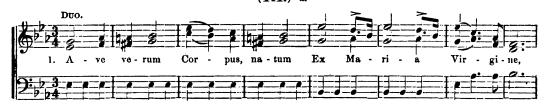








AVE VERUM. (111.)-a.





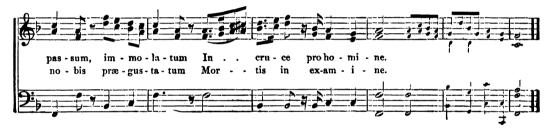






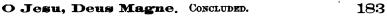
AVE VERUM.

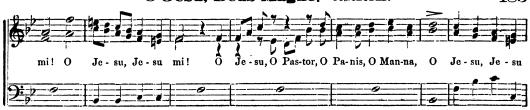




O JESU: DEUS MAGNE.

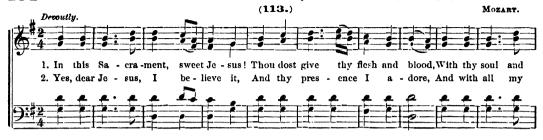














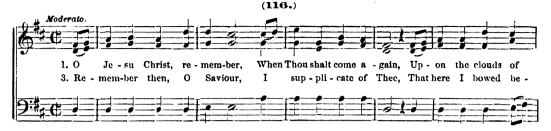
- 3 Come, sweet Jesus, in thy mercy, Give thy flesh and blood to me; Come to me, O dearest Jesus, Come, my soul's true life to be.
- 4 Come, that I may live forever, Thou in me and I in Thee; Living thus, I shall not perish, But shall live eternally.

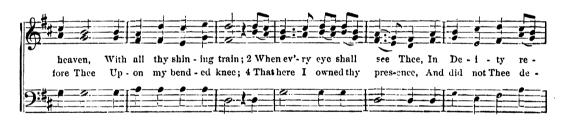
JESUS, SWEET JESUS.

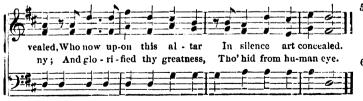




O JESU CHRIST, REMEMBER.







- 5 Accept, divine Redeemer, The homage of my praise; Be Thou the light, and honor, And glory of my days.
- 6 Be Thou my consolation When death is drawing nigh: Be Thou my only Treasure, Through all eternity.

AS PANTS THE HART.



- 3 My tears have flowed by day and night, When I have felt Thy chastening rod; But wicked men enjoyed the sight, And, mocking, asked, Where's now thy God?
- 4 Where art Thou, Lord, my life, my all?
 Thou art above, around, within
 Whate'er betides, on Thee I'll call,
 To save me, and to pardon sin.

- 5 Joy! then, and endless jubilee!
 Divine reward of faith and love;
 I hear the strains of harmony
 From the Triumphant Church above.
- 6 Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?
 God is thy drink, and He thy food;
 Bequeathed to thee—His last bequest—
 His Body and His precious Blood.







- 1. Welcomed with joy be our hallowed so-lem ni-ty, Full be the praise from the heart that re joi-ces,
- 2. For we that last ho-ly Sup per commemorate, When the Mes si ah, in Writ as recorded.



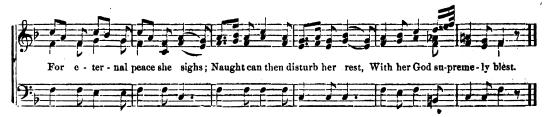


- 3 After the Feast and the Lamb emblematical. Gave He Himself, whom the rite was foreshowing, Thus their Lord's Body, to each and to every, On His Apostles bestowing.
- 4 Gave He the Body, support to their feebleness; Gave He the Cup, too, their sorrow relieving;

- Saving: "Drink all of the Blood of My Covenant, That which I give you receiving."
- 5 Thus He established the life-giving Sacrifice; Thus to the Priesthood its office assigned, That they partake, and to others administer, Meetly what He had designed.



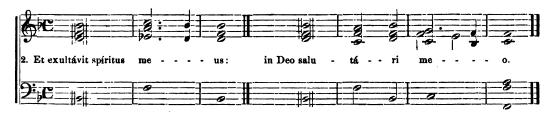




MISCELLANEOUS.

MAGNIFICAT.

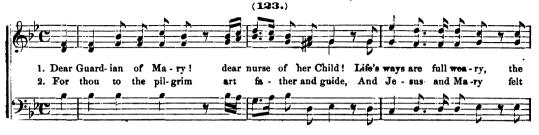


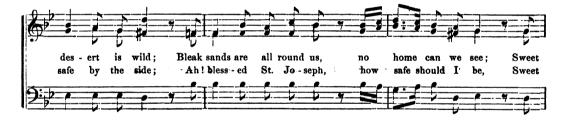


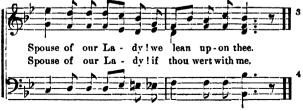
- Quia respéxit humilitátem ancillæ suæ: ecce enim ex hoc beátam me dicent omnes generatiónes.
- Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.
- Et miscricórdia ejus a progénie in progénies: timéntibus eum.
- Fecit poténtiam in bráchio suo: dispérsit snpérbos menti cordis sui.
- 7. Depósuit poténtes de sede; et exaltávit húmiles.

- 8. Esuriéntes implévit bonis: et divites dimisit inanes.
- Suscépit Israel púerum suum : recordátus misericór-diæ suæ.
- Sicut locútus est ad patres nostros: Abraham, et sémini ejus in sæcula.
- 11. Glória Patri et Fílio et Spirítui Sancto:
- Sicut erat in princípio et nunc et semper et in secula sæculórum. Amen.

DEAR GUARDIAN OF MARY.



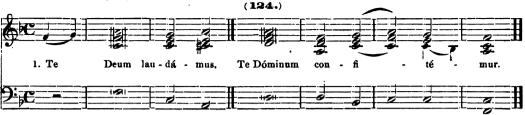




- 3 O blessed St. Joseph! how great was thy worth, The one chosen shadow of God upon earth, The father of Jesus — ah! then, wilt thou be, Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a father to me?
- 4 God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou Forgive a poor exile for choosing thee now?
 There's no saint in heaven, St. Joseph, like thee,
 Sweet Spouse of our Lady! oh.deign to love me.

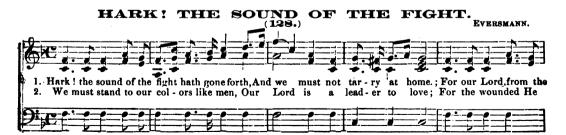


TE DEUM.

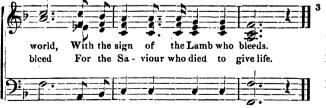


- 2. Te ætérnum Patrem: omnis terra venerátur.
- 3. Tibi omnes ángeli: tibi cœli et universæ potestates.
- Tibi chérubim et séraphim; incessábili voce proclámant.
- 5. Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus: Dóminus Deus Sábaoth.
- 6. Pleni sunt cœli et terra: majestátis glóriæ tuæ.
- 7. Te gloriósus: Apostolórum chorus.
- 8. Te prophetárum : laudábilis númerus.
 9. Te Mártyrum candidátus : laudat exércitus.
- 10. Te per orbem terrárum : sancta confitétur Ecclésia.
- 11. Patrem: imménsæ mejestátis.
- 12. Venerándum tuum verum : et únicum Fílium.

- 13. Sanctum quoque: Paráclitum Spíritum.
- 14. Tu Rex: glóriæ Christe.
- 15. Tu Patris: sempitérnus es Fílius.
- Tu ad liberándum susceptúrus hóminem : non horruísti Vírginis úterum.
- 17. Tu devícto mortis acúleo: aperuísti credéntibus regna cœlórum.
- 18. Tu ad déxteram Dei sedes : in glória Patris.
- 19. Judex créderis: esse ventúrus.
- 20. Te ergo quæsumus, tuis fámulis súbveni: quos pretióso sánguine redemísti
- 21. Ætérna fac cum Sanctis tuis: in glória numerári.







3 There is Jesus in Heaven above,
There is Jesus on earth below;
And His the one standard we love—
And his the one watchword we know—
Let us sing the new song of the Lamb—
Let us sing round our Banner so brave.
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood
Which was shed to redeem and to save.

ST. PATRICK.





Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,

In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice.

In glory above,

True to his love,

He keeps the false faith from his children away,

The dark false faith—

Far worse than death—

Oh, he drives it far off from the green sunny shore,

Like the reptiles which fled from his curse in dismay,

And Erin, when Error's proud triumph is o'er,

Will still be found keeping St. Patrick's day.

2 There is not a Saint in the bright courts of Heaven,

More faithful than he to the land of his choice.

3 Then what shall we do for the heaven-sent father?

What shall the proof of our loyalty be?

By all that is dear to our hearts, we would rather

Be martyred, sweet Saint, than bring shame upon thee.

But oh, he will take

The promise we make,

So to live that our lives, by God's help, may display

The light that he bore

To Erin's shore.

Yes! Father of Ireland! no child wilt thou own

Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way;

For they are true Irish, ah, yes, they alone,

Whose hearts are all true on St. Patrick's day.









- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace.
 Thro' life's long day, etc.
- 4 Do more than pardon: give us joy, Sweet fear and sober liberty, And simple hearts without alloy, That only long to be like Thee. Thro' life's long day, etc.

CHRISTIANS! TO THE WAR.



- 3 And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years The Bride of Christ in vain tormenting, Shall find our hate and scorn of thee Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.
- 4 Ah, self! so oft forgiven, thou

 Canst play no part but that of traitor;

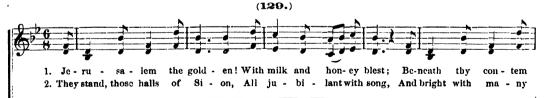
 We spare thy life, but thou must bear

 The felon's brand, the captive's fetter.

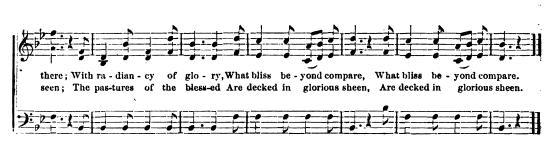
- 5 But worse than devil, flesh, or world, Human respect like poison creeping, Chills and unnerves the host of Christ, When weary war-worn hearts are sleeping.
- 6 Christians! to the war! gather from afar Hark! hark! the word is given; Jesus bids us fight "for God and the right," And for Mary, the Queen of heaven.



JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

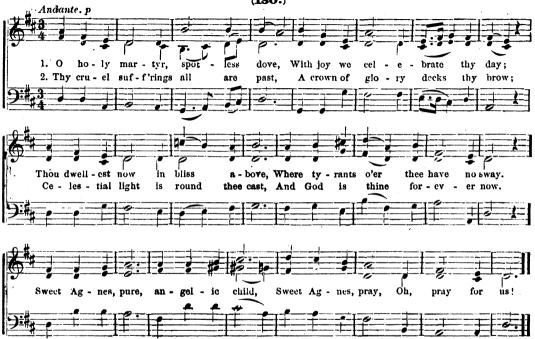






3 There is the Throne of David,
And bliss without alloy,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of festal joy;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight
Forever and forever
Are dress'd in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.



3 Oh, pray that we may ever seek To be as free as thou from stain; As constant, fervent, pure and meek, Regardless of earth's fleeting pain. 4 And, holy saint, be this our prayer, That prizing not the world's renown, Through trials it may be our care, To strive but for a heavenly crown.



3 Faith of our fathers; Mary's prayers Shall win our country all to thee; And through the truth that comes from God Oh, then indeed we shall be free. 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love

Both friend and foe in all our strife;

And preach thee, too, as love knows how,

By kindly words and virtuous life,

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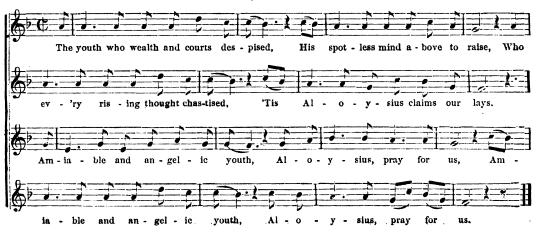
ST. ALOYSIUS.





ST. ALOYSIUS.

(131.)-b

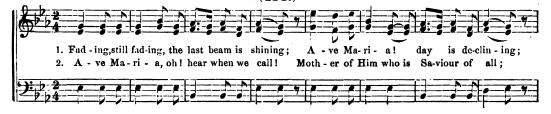


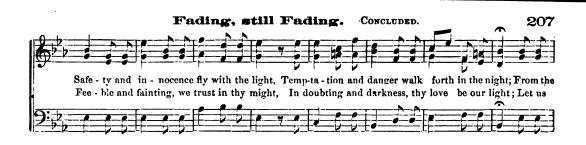


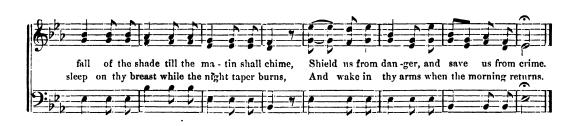


3 Lord, obediently we go, Gladly leaving all below; Only Thou our leader be; We will ever follow Thee.

FADING, STILL FADING.

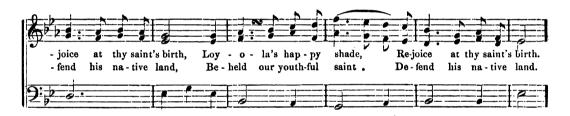














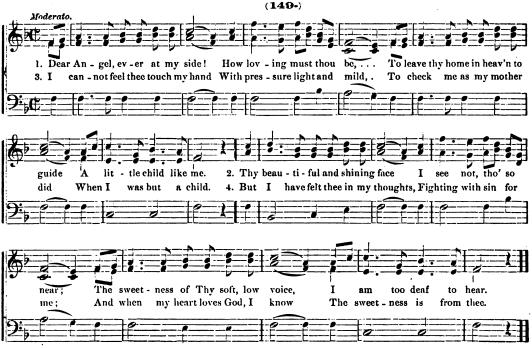






- 3 Stretched on a bed of pain, Christ's holy life he reads; While for his misspent youth His heart now sorely bleeds.
- 4 "Begone, O sinful world, I'll never serve thee more," He cries; I'll bear the cross, Which Jesus for me bore.

DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.



5 And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down Morning and night to prayer, Something there is within my heart That tells me thou art there. 6 Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now More humble will I be; But I am weak, and, when I fall, Oh, weary not of me.

Dear Angel, ever at my side. Concluded.

- 7 Oh, weary not, but love me still, For Mary's sake, thy Queen; She never tired of me though I Her worst of sons have been.
- 8 She will reward thee with a smile;
 Thou know'st what it is worth!

- For Mary's smiles each day convert The hardest hearts on earth.
- 9 Then love me, love me, Angel dear! And I will love thee more; And help me when my soul is cast Upon th' eternal shore.

ARM FOR DEADLY FIGHT.



- 2 Thrice happy he who, heavenward turning, Prays while he fights, with ardor burning; Begs aid from those who here have striven, And succor from the Queen of Heaven.—Cho.
- 3 Though crafty is the foe's contriving,
 And ruthless his relentless striving,
 On God, our hope, our strength, relying,
 We'll pledge to heaven our faith undying.—Cho.







- When sorrows press around.

 Look up beyond the skies,

 Where hope and strength are found.—Cho.

 4 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
 - Oh! 'tis not hard to gain.

 He surely wins who tries;

 For hope can conquer pain.—Cno.

- 5 Yes, Heaven is the prize!

 The strife will soon be past:
 Faint not, but raise your eyes,
 And struggle to the last.—Cho.
- 6 Yes, Heaven is the prize!

 Faith shows the crown to gain;

 Hope lights the way and dies,

 But Love will always reign.—Cho.

7 Yes, Heaven is the prize!
 Too much cannot be given;
 And he alone is wise
 Who gives up all for Heaven.—Сно.

3 Yes, Heaven is the prime!

8 Yes, Heaven is the prize!

Death opens wide the door,

And then the spirit flies

To God for evermore.—Сно.

HOLY GOD.

(135.)

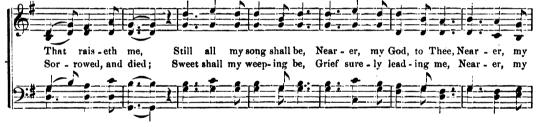


3 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray, By a thousand snares surrounded; Keep us without sin to-day, Never let us be confounded:

Lo! I put my trust in Thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.







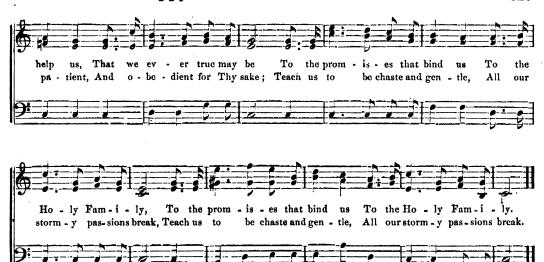
8 Friends may depart from me, Night may come down, Clouds of adversity Darken and frown; Still through my tears I'll see Hope gently leading me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.

Nearer my God to Thee. Concluded.

• 4 What, though the shadows fall, Naught shall I fear; When darkest seems the night, Morning is near. Sweet shall my trusting be Sorrow still bringing me Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee. 5 And, when the goal is won,
How like a dream,
In the dim retrospect,
Sorrow will seem.
Sweet will my transports be,
Jesus, thy face to see,
When I have come, at last,
Nearer to Thee.

HAPPY WE WHO THUS UNITED.

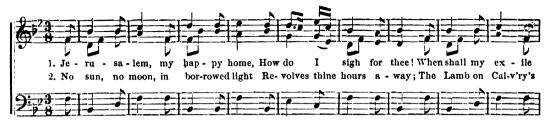


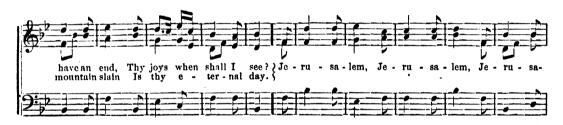


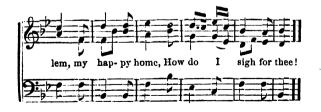
3 Mary! thou alone wert chosen
To be Mother of thy Lord:
Thou didst guide the early footsteps
Of the great Incarnate Word.
Dearest Mother! make us humble,
For thy Son will take His rest
In the poor and lowly dwelling
Of a humble sinner's breast.

4 Joseph! thou wert called the Father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord;
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.
Suffer us to call thee Father,
Show to us a father's love;
Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heaven above.

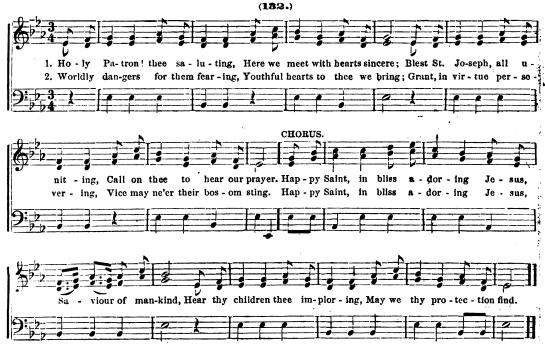
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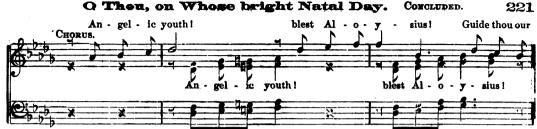
- 3 From every eye He wipes the tear, All sighs and sorrow cease; No more alternate hope and fear, But everlasting peace. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, etc.
- 4 The thought of thee to us is given, Our sorrows to beguile. To anticipate the bliss of Heaven, In His eternal smile. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, etc.



3 Thou, who faithfully attended Him whom heaven and earth adore; Who, with pious care defended Mary, Virgin ever pure.—Сно. 4 Through this life, O watch around us,
Fill with love our every breath,
And when parting fear surrounds us,
Guide us through the toils of death.—Cho.

220 O THOU, ON WHOSE BRIGHT NATAL DAY.

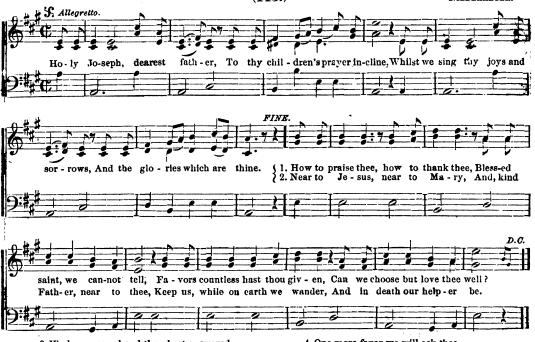












3 We have prayed and thou hast answered, We have asked and thou hast given. Need we marvel? Jesus tell us, Joseph has the stores of heaven. 4 One more favor we will ask thee, Thou of all canst grant it best, When we die be thou still near us, Bring us safe to endless rest.

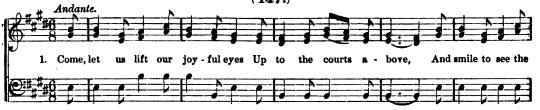




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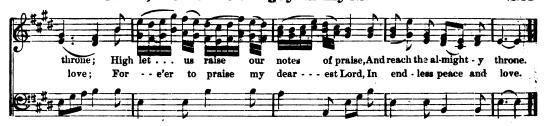
This song of sacred joy, It never seems to cloy: May, etc.



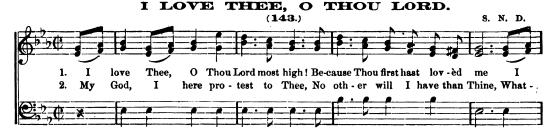




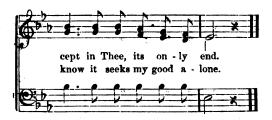




2 O heaven! O land of pure delight! Where saints immortal reign, Where endless day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, 'When shall my soul, from darkness free, To thy bright seats remove, Fore'er to praise my dearest Lord, In endless peace and love; Fore'er to praise my dearest Lord, In endless peace and love. 3 To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God who all things made,
And to the Lamb for sinners slain,
Be endless honors paid.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was and is,
And shall be evermore;
Be glory, as it was and is,
And shall be evermore.





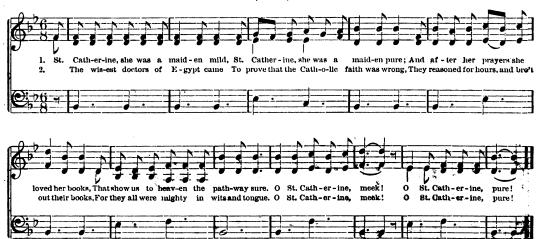


3 I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast loved me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee;
Apart from Thee, all things are nought,
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought,—
Thou givest all in giving this!

227

ST. CATHERINE'S BALLAD.

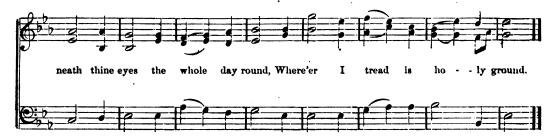
(150.)



- 3 Saint Catherine stood before them all, So humble—she trusted in Heaven alone; She proved that the Catholic faith was right, Till there they sat, as dumb as a stone.
- 4 Now what did the king and his courtiers do,
 When none of them all could answer a word?
 They said she no longer was fit to live,
 And cut off her innocent head with a sword.
- 5 But, far away to the holy mount,
 Bright angels in triumph St. Catherine bore;
 And now in the courts above she reigns
 With Christ and His Mother for evermore.
- 6 O dear Saint Catherine! pray for us now; Help us to keep our Faith's true light; For we are in struggle with danger and sin, And you are in Heaven where all is bright.

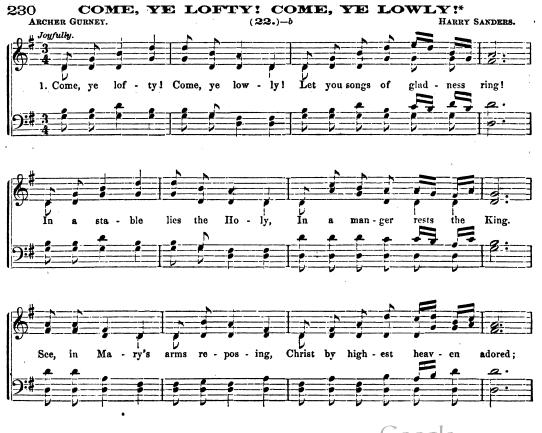
228 CHILD'S HYMN TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.





- 2 And if I had my wish, I would,
 Dear angel mine! be always good;
 This minute I would rather die,
 Than say bad words or tell a lie;
 I always feel disposed this way,
 Whene'er I kneel me down to pray;
 But I forget when church is o'er,
 And am as naughty as before.
- 3 O blessed guardian! kind and mild,
 Have pity on a poor weak child,
 And pray that God will make me strong
 To do the right and shun the wrong.
 Whenever I commit a sin,
 I feel my very heart within
 Grow chill and heavy like a clod,
 Because I have offended God.

- 4 But I would rather love the Lord,
 And shun each sinful deed and word,
 Than do the sin, then feel the force
 Of bitter shame and keen remorse.
 I wish to think of God and thee
 Whenever pretty things I see,
 Till every flower that gems the sod
 Shall make me think of thee and God.
- 5 Inspired by faith, I wish to hear
 Thy gentle footfall strike my ear,
 Before thy radiant face to bow,
 And feel thy kiss upon my brow.
 Thy broad white wings shall be my shield
 While battling on life's dusty field;
 Thine arms enfold me when I die,
 And waft me homeward to the sky.





- 2 Come, ye poor; no pomp of station
 Robes the Child your hearts adore;
 He, the Lord of all salvation,
 Shares your want, is weak and poor:
 Oxen round about behold them,
 Rafters naked, cold, and bare:
 See, the shepherds! God has told them
 That the "Prince of Peace" lies there.
- 8 High above a star is shining,
 And the Wise Men haste from far;
 Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining,
 For you all has ris'n the star.
 Let us bring our glad oblations,
 Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise;
 Come, ye people! Come, ye nations!
 All-in-All draw nigh to gaze.

- 4 Come, ye children, blithe and merry!
 This one Child your model make;
 Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
 All be prized, for His dear sake:
 Come, ye gentle hearts and tender!
 Come, ye spirits brave and bold!
 All-in-All your homage render,
 Weak and mighty, young and old
- 5 Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing,
 Christ the Lord to man is born!
 Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
 "Welcome, Welcome, Christmas morn?"
 Still the Child, all power possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past;
 And the song of Christmas blessing
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

Other music for this hymn may be found on p. 34.

232 EVENING HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.





234 Evening Hymn to the Sacred Heart. CONCLUDED.



3

O dearest Lord, our steps restrain, That from Thy grace we ne'er depart; And closer draw the triple chain, That binds us to Thy Sacred Heart. Then shall our wond'ring transports know The blessings to Thy spouses given, The hundred fold on earth below, Above, the endless joys of heaven.

FINIS.

